

Sung by **M^r. Pack** Acting a Quaker in the
Richmond Heirefs the Words by M Durfey.



Maiden fresh as a Rose, young Buxome and full of Follity,
take no Spowse among Beaus fond of their raking Quallity,
He who wears a long Bush, all Powder down from his Pericrane,
and with Nose full of Snush, Snuffles out Love in merry vein,
Who to Dames of high place, do's prattle like any Parrot too,
yet with Doxies a brace, at Night piggs in a Garret too,
Patrimony out run, to make a fine Shew to carry thee,
plainly Freind thou'rt undon, if such a Creature Marry thee.

Then for fear of a Bribe,
Of flattering noise and vanity,
Yoke a Lad of our Tribe,
Hee'l shew thee best humanity,
Flashy thou wilt find Love,
In Civill as well as Seculer,
But when Spirit doth move,
We have a quist perticuler,

Tho' our Graveness is pride,
That Boobys the more may venerate,
He that gets a Rich Bride,
Can Jump when He's to Generate,
Off then goes the disguise,
To Bed in his Arms hee'l carry thee,
Then to be happy and wise,
Take Yea & Nay to Marry thee,

for the

FLUTE

